

EL

AITCH

ESS

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*Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit*



*The Class of 1916 respectfully dedicate this "El Aitch Ess" to Prof. A. T. Elliott  
our superintendent for the past five years*



LOWELL PUBLIC SCHOOL





LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL

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MRS. FLORENCE THOMAS

## Foreword

In the name of the staff I beg to remind you that forewarned is forearmed. In other words, don't expect too much of the "El-Aitch-Ess." Pity our weaknesses if you wish but don't tell us about it. Knock if you care to but drag your anvil into some obscure corner before you begin. If you have a dark suspicion that some of the jewels contained in this volume are paste keep it under your hat. If you think that any photograph is too true to life to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, bury that thought under six feet of sod. Please regard this annual with malice toward none of its departments and with charity for all of them.

I thank you.

—Ye Editor.

# SENIORS





## The Class of True Gold

Well may the faculty be proud of this Class of 1916, for it forms the bone and sinew of the school. Students of any High School may be said to pass through four stages, but the Senior Class of 1916! My heart fails—my brain reels when I think of its glory! It is the perfect blossom—in the prime of condition. And, aside from mental superiority, this class excels in many other things. In our ranks are found only the beautiful and the strong. I need only refer to the graceful movements of the agile Stuppy, or the slow, stately strides of the precise Kimmet, and the intellectual look of Dorsch.

But, gentle reader, there are girls in this class, girls with mature minds in young heads. Only in this, the senior class is the most perfect type of womanhood to be found.

But why should we not have great minds when we have accomplished instructors to sharpen our wits? We have politicians with us—those who differ on the question of municipal ownership.

We do not feel vain or conceited because of our marked superiority. We are content to know that if at any time our

superintendent or principal should leave, that we have in our midst those who are able to shoulder the responsibility of the whole school. We know this because "We have never set ourselves over against ourselves to look at ourselves to see what we were about." Every member of this class has some peculiar individuality to distinguish it from the common herd. Choose as you will—all are fair illustrations. But no one save a member of the class itself could describe it fittingly. You have only to look upon our noble forms, our Delsartian grace of movement to realize this. But space is failing. We must pass on. To all future senior classes, we would say: "Take us for your model; walk in our footsteps, be like us as nearly as you can, and 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'"

"Live in hopes, and some day you, too may be great."

And before you look on the annals of the Class of 1916 of the Lowell High School as a sealed page, we wish to bow our thanks to the high school itself for moulding our talent and ability into true greatness.

—Bertha Bess.



GRACE HATHAWAY

"When once our Grace we  
have forgot, nothing goes  
right."

ADAM DORSCH

"Adam, the goodliest man of  
men."

EDITH STENERSON

"Life's a jest."

HAROLD GRIESEL

"Deep runs the brook, where,  
still the waters flow."

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LOLA MALLATT

"I am resolved to grow fat  
and look young till forty."



LEO KIMMET

"And still the wonder grew,  
that one small head could  
carry all he knew."



ETHEL NELSON

"I am nothing if not critical."

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GLADYS TILTON

"Hail, Independence, Hail."

BERTHA BESS

"Friends, though absent are  
still present."

GEORGE STUPPY

"This was the noblest Roman  
of them all."

ADA NEWKIRK

"Much study is a weariness  
of the flesh."



ZELMA ANDERSON

Be good, sweet maid, and let  
who will be clever.

FAY HASKELL

There's nothing half so sweet  
in life as loves young  
dream.

NADA WOOD

If to her share, some female  
errors fall, look on her  
face, and, you'll forget  
them all.



ELMER CHILDRESS

"Bid we discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

MABEL BRUCE

"She dares confront the world, and speak the truth."

GILBERT PATTEE

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

IRENE BUCKLEY

"To have a friend is to be one."



ALICE LOVE

As good to be out of the world  
as out of the fashion.

CLARK BROWNELL

"Madness in great ones must  
not go untouched."

KARTRYN METCALF

"Grace was in all her steps,  
Heaven in her eye."



AGNES NELSON

"Her ways are of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

MERNA BESS

"A light heart lives long."

DEWEY CHILDRESS

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted."

FLOY NEWKIRK

"Frailty thy name is woman."



# Class Obituary

By Agnes Nelson.

The Senior Class of the Lowell High School breathed its last at Lowell May 26, 1916. It passed away amid the sighs of the great throng who had come from far and near to its death-bed. For weeks it hovered near the Great Beyond, rallying a few days in hope and then relapsing in woe. The final breakdown in its health was attributed to the finals, teacher's examination, and the theses.

In the death of the Class of 1916, the Lowell High School has lost one of its "gems of purest ray serene." From its birth it has been pointed out with pride as the most brilliant class in school. It's clever sayings when a mere child have gone down in the world's history as a series of remarkable remarks.

This Class was born in September, in the year 1912, at Lowell, Lake County, Indiana. It is a descendent of the former senior classes, but as machinery and inventions are bettered year by year, so it has excelled its elders in beauty, morality and intelligence.

At one year of age, it was a remarkable precocious infant who bade fair to reach the summit of earthly achievement. It

grew in strength, and in the second year stood on its own sturdy legs. It tried hard to convince others of its wisdom, but was called silly. But it plodded bravely on, gaining the longest list of exemptions, and winning first and third in oratory, and third in declamatory. The third year it grew in size and wisdom—a jolly class, happy and carefree as the day was long, and entirely free from egotism.

It made wonderful progress and won honors on every hand. At the age of four, it was quiet and dignified, working with zeal and energy.

But, it's step became slower, the eye lost it's brightness and one and all predicted an early death for the senior class of 1916. This prophesy was fulfilled on the twenty-sixth of May.

It leaves to mourn it's loss a verdant bunch of Freshies, a healthy, happy set of Sophomores, a sturdy, dependable aggregation of Juniors and a heart-broken faculty.

The Lowell High School will miss it sadly. A place will be left vacant which no other class can ever fill. This class is gone, but not forgotten. May it's soul rest in peace.

## Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of 1916, of the Lowell High School, do make and publish this, our last earthly will and testament.

1. To the Juniors we leave all our good grades, handsome appearances and dignified actions, to be appropriated by them when they become Seniors. Also we bequeath to them the seats of honor on the north side of the assembly room.

2. To the Sophomores, the right to have their names on the deportment list and to play hookey.

3. To the Freshmen, more experience in High School life, a book on table etiquette, and the right to tease next year's Freshies.

4. To the Faculty; some new unheard of rule for deportment, and the right to teach another class as brilliant as ours.

### PERSONALS

1. Leo Kimmet gives the Juniors the right to have an opinion on all subjects.

2. Adam Dorsch bequeaths his intellectual look to Glenn Surprise.

3. The Seniors give Violet and Elsie Big Ben of the Assembly room, since we believe it will promote punctuality.

4. Agnes Nelson bequeaths her studious ability to Agnes Powell.

5. To the next Physics Class we bequeath simply this; a new dictionary with more isolated facts.

6. Lola Mallatt gives some of her height to Orral Anderson.

7. To Miss Eves we give a baseburner to be used in the history room.

8. George Stuppy bequeaths his masterful voice to Kenneth Landis, to be used in public speaking.

9. Alice Love leaves her kid curlers to be appropriated by Nellie Brooks.

10. Harold Griesel gives Dorsey Kight his good deportment grades.

11. Floy Newkirk gives to Dewey Pinkerton a portion of her great height.

12. Mabelle Bruce gives to any high school student the right to carry on a private conversation in the assembly room. (when the teacher is not looking.)

13. Grace Hathaway bequeaths to Miss McLean all of her hair pins.

14. The Girls' Glee Club gives the Boys' Glee Club the right to keep cool all year.

15. Elmer Childress gives to any member of the next History IV Class the right to relate how the Mormons are getting along.

16. Ada Newkirk and Irene Buckley give to Herbert Korth their voluminous voices.

17. Dewey Childress gives his pompadour to John Bruce.

18. We bequeath to the '17 high school a paper-proof gong.

19. To Violet Hayden, George.

21. Kathryn Metcalf, Nada Wood and Edith Stenerson

bestow on the girls in general all of their personal charm.

22. Leo. Kimmet leaves his priceless Physics notebook to any member of next year's Physics Class.

23. And lastly but not leastly, the Seniors kindly bestow upon the Juniors Miss Eves' History map, and to the Faculty their sympathy at losing twenty-five gems.

After the heretofore Will has been divided, we leave to

the High school in general all our remaining property, both real and personal.

In the presence of witnesses we do sign and seal this, our last earthly will and testament, this twenty-sixth day of May, one thousand, nine hundred and sixteen in the year of our Lord.

—Merna Bess.

## Senior Class Poem

Tho' we have sat and scratched our domes in meditative mood,

Tho' we have writhed in agony on 'zamination day,

Proud that our record, on the whole, is counted pretty good,

Though we would be down-hearted if we thought we had to stay  
It almost gets our goat to go away.

When we just stop to think that we won't have the chance again

'To give nine lusty rahs' for Lowell High School's B. B. team,

We wonder, when we're gone away just how the school will  
seem;

This class of sixteen soon will be grown women and grave men,  
If there's a time that we feel blue, it's then.

Somehow we've grown attached to every single stick and stone;

We won't forget our tribulations or our triumphs here.

Perhaps, at times, we've been a trial sore to everyone,

We've played our share of pranks and teased the faculty I fear,  
But what's the odds? My land! Was that a tear?

—Contributed.

## As the Year Rolls On

O time and Change! How soon does freedom fade!

How fleeting are such things as right and reason!

For what we once did, now is termed "high treason,"

And there is grieving sore in every grade,

For rules and laws each day more strict are made.

One time the teachers winked at conversation

Within the assembly's brilliant aggregation;

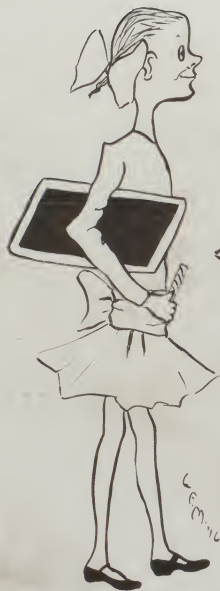
But now, since we have "packed our grips" and moved

Into this structure, built for moral things,

Clayton and Tadlock—both of these have proved

That great is the reward which virtue brings.

—Lola Mallatt.



JUNIORS

C. M. 1916



Top, Left to Right—Charles Tanner, Ruby Hayhurst, Laura Pike (Faculty), Lucile Brownell, Mabell Feeley, Hilda Dahl, Ettie Lee, Lillian Goddard, Elizabeth Miller, Harriett Clark, Vera Bess, Lucile Miller, Ruby Mitch, Lucile Hathaway, Nellie Brooks, Herbert Korth, Thelma Hill, Elsie McConnel, Bethel Haskell, Milton McKay, Seth Little, Dilwyn Nichols, Floyd Vinnedge, Chester Sanders, Violet Hoevet, Henrietta Baughman, Della Wagin, Harry Wheeler, Max Ragon, Clayton Davis, Truman Klein, Vern Lloyd.

# Junior Class Prophecy

**The Chicago Sunday Tribune, Feb. 8, 1928.**  
**WEALTHY WOMAN DEAD BY POISON**  
**Police Mystified.**

Mrs. Floyd Vinnedge, formerly Elizabeth Miller of Lowell, Ind., died suddenly at her home in Los Angeles, California. Her husband is a wealthy orange grower. It is thought that she was given drops for the purpose of robbery, as she was known to have carried a considerable amount of money.

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## Miss Natalie Trump Plans Vote Campaign

She says that the New Suffrage Drive will begin in Chicago.

Miss Natalie Trump, president of the National American Woman Suffrage League, outlined her plan for a great national drive for suffrage at luncheon at the Hotel La Salle yesterday. It will start at Chicago and attack the Republican National Convention first.

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## Sporting Section.

### McKay Arrives to Coach Squad at Bloomington.

Milton E. McKay, new coach of the Indiana University base ball squad arrived this week from his ranch at Fair Oaks, Indiana. He was delayed by a severe snow storm, his train stalling in a cut thirty feet deep.

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## Landis Enters Golf Finals.

Rivals as cubs to resume fight! Fate makes Klein and Korth managers of coast teams.

## HOUSEHOLD PAGE

Fashions Blue Book—Baughman.

The Tribune Cook Book—Thelma Hill.

Vera Bess, Love Specialist says: "If you were born this month you are changeable."

Nellie Brooks—Helping Hand

Real Love Story—"How I Won My Mate," Violet Hoevet.

Health and Beauty Hints—L Hathaway.

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## SOCIETY NEWS

The engagement of Della Wagin and Dilwyn Nichols was announced last evening. The wedding will take place in June. The bridesmaids will be Hilda Dahl, Lillian Goddard, Rubie Hayhurst; the maid of honor, Beth Haskell and the best man, Charles Tanner.

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## DRAMA, AUTOS, WANT-ADS.

See Miss Lucile Brownell, in "The Lady from Indiana," and Miss Ruby Mitch in "Rolling Stones."

Art—By Gladys Cleaver.

"Latest News from Movie Land,"—Mabelle Feely.

Astronomy—Max Ragon.

Tabloid Book Review—Etta Lee.

WANTED—Maid for general housework. Apply to Harriet Clark, 3729 Cottage Grove.

News and Gossip of the Auto Trade—Clayton Davis.

## COMIC SECTION

Old Doc Yak, Jr.—Wheeler.

Mama's Angel Child Grows Up—Lucile Miller.

Monkey Shines—Seth Little.

Bobby Make-Believe—Chester Sanders.

—Elsie McConnell.

# Junior Class History

"Noble Juniors," Ah! that's the word that we have been looking for these three years and at last the lost has been found.

In the years of thirteen and fourteen we were Freshmen, numbering thirty-three. The Freshmen in those days were self-governed and had to put up with a whole lot of slams and unbelievable compliments, such as "smarties" "uneducated" and "good for nothing." In fact everything was a burden upon our shoulders but our winglets were unharmed and we flew merrily along to the Sophomore year.

Here things seemed to brighten us. Our class numbered twenty-eight and whether the few that were missing got lost or were homesick is still one question that is unanswered. Parties were started galore but finally our funds were somewhat

exhausted and then we started "weinie" tours. Many good times did we have in the Sophomore year. Almost before we realized it we were Juniors. "Noble" Juniors.

"'Noble' Juniors!" Fancy! Fancy I say, we calling ourselves "noble." But it is a true word and one that is fitted in its right place. Why it is sweet to us, but "bitter sweets" to the other classes. What we lost in the Sophomore year we gained in our Junior year. Have our caps come yet? Yes, they came. The old gold and blue. The gold for bold and the blue for true.

The Junior Literary Society is an exception and other classes should receive much inspiration from it. We strive to work and please, so onward, Noble Juniors, to the sea of life.

—Trueman Klein, '17.

## Junior Class Poem

### I.

And who am I, that I should write a verse?  
I—dare I deem myself so clever  
To pen lines to such a class as ours  
Don't laugh and I'll endeavor.

### II.

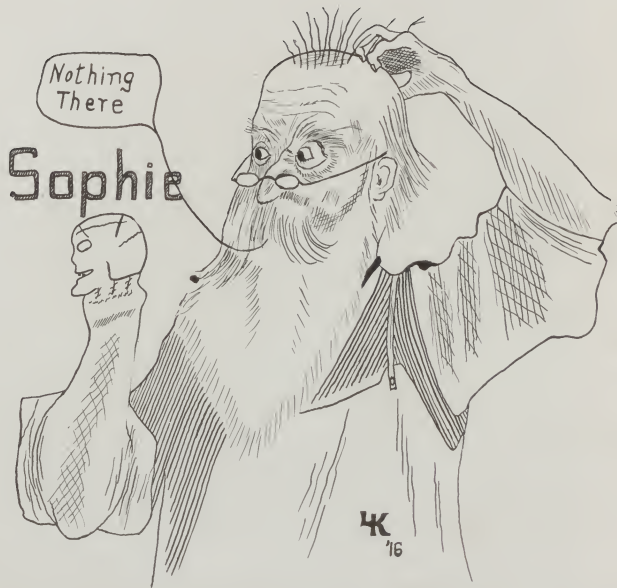
My mind is as a misty haze,  
My Carter's ink is blue,  
My pen is a Spencerian  
With these, kind Juniors, I write for you.  
I wish you well—you know it!  
So why should I say that?  
I fear that as a poet,  
I'm going to fall quite flat  
But remember this little lesson,

That our—teachers—dear, have taught,  
If you cheat in "zaminations"  
Good luck! but don't get caught.  
Au revoir! the time is hastening,  
That I can spend with you.  
So long drawn rhymes, like Ford cars  
Must have an ending too;  
But as jitney busses olden,  
Probably, being used in war,  
Still bring back memories golden  
Of summers faint and far.  
So may this little masterpiece,  
Altho it too must die,  
Just sort a make ye recollect  
Our happy days in Lowell High.

—Truman Klutz.









Top, Left to Right—Mildred Foster, Virgil Scritchfield, Ralph Cable, Avis Bryant (Faculty), Ernestine Belshar, Velva Moxell, Violet Hayden, Bessie Stuppy, Velva Cobb, Vessie Mahler, Imogene Strickland, Ruth Sanders, Ruth Berg, Mary Little, Bertha Stuppy, Georgia Baker, Ruby Surprise, Elva Spry, Gladys Buckley, Orra Zartman, Grace Rudolph, Rosalind Feddler, Ramona Strickland, Fern Tanner, Hermania Kimmel, Mildred Surprise, Floyd McVey, John Bruce, Dorsey Kight, Wilford Weaver, Fred Minninger, Mabel Thompson, Helen Lee, Irene Barber, Helen Brooks, Cecil Kelsey, Ernest Barr, Harold Brownell, Wade Maxwell, Lyle Trump.

## The Sophomore Prophecy

Ah! I am in Paris—the place of piquant women, and dazzling creations of fashion. I am happy. For years this has been a smoldering desire of mine. Jump not to hasty conclusions; I have not turned missionary, I am not on a Ford peace party.

I am merely travelling; travelling simply to gratify my desire for travel. Travelling because when Count John Jean James George Sigmund Strickland died, he left me an abundance of the root of all evil. I was not sorry he died because I never knew he had existed. Nevertheless he must have had a master mind and a benevolent disposition.

The year is 1919, the month June, the day Friday. The air is balmy; the sun is shining, flowers are blooming, and I have been walking. The place I have visited enables me to relate a weird narrative—perhaps weird is not the word. It isn't anything like Poe's "Raven," but to say the least it is extraordinary. I was taking Fifi, my French bulldog, for an airing, while my maid Y'vonne, a chic Parisienne, was arranging my clothes. We had gone only a short distance when my attention was drawn to a large sign:

### "THE LAND OF MYSTIC"

Count De Barsac

(Speaks English.)

A huge bronze knocker hung on the door, and no sooner had I tapped than the door swung open, and a mummy-faced

man led me to an inner room, as noiselessly as if one sound would end our very existence.

Seated Turkish fashion on Oriental rugs and gazing into a crystal sphere sat Count de Barsac. All I remember definitely of his appearance is his eyes—which were wonderfully dreamy and piercing at the same time. He wore a Turkish turban, and robes such as a king might envy. The room was hung with rich tapestries, and the light of the sun was completely shut out.

He motioned me to sit down and asked what I would like to know. "Let it be understood that I am not here to solve any mystery," I said. "Neither do I seek advice on any affair of the heart. Doris Blake and Beatrice Fairfax back in the good old U. S. A. are good enough for me on heart talks. Tell me, what has become of my old Sophomore Class of '16?"

He lighted a low lamp and fumes sweet and intoxicating filled the room. He pointed to the crystal ball, and I, fascinated, gazed.

The ball changed from pink to blue and finally distinct figures took places. I saw a ball room, and the scene was so real that it seemed I could hear laughter and the very tripping of the feet of gay couples. The music was wonderful! It seemed so syncopated that I myself almost started dancing. Then I gasped, "Vessie Mahler!" But the Count said, "No, a Mrs. Weaver, I believe." And sure enough, the drummer was no other than Bill! SURPRISE! RUBY!

"The two sitting behind the palms," said De Barsac. "are Imogene and Dorsey of course." He looked attentive enough, but I just thought that in 1916, Imogene would never let 1920, another leap year, pass.

Gladys and Rosa Buckley were doing special dances so gracefully that I was proud I had once known them. The Stuppy sisters and Mary Little gave wonderfully rendered piano selections. Harold Brownell with the look of Romeo in his eyes, was talking intently to Ruth Sanders, and she didn't look as if she contemplated running away.

But the ball room vanished from the crystal ball as quickly as it had come, and a young athlete in a basket-ball suit appeared. It was Fred Minninger, all-star basket-ball player with daily mention on the sport sheet of every Chicago daily. Mildred Foster, Grace Rudolph, Mildred Surprise, Hermenia Kimmet, Lucile Hepp and Irene Barber appeared in the guise of teachers. Also Elvah Spry was shown as the Dean of a seminary on the outskirts of Paris.

Another Surprise! Glenn was an aviator! Kenneth Landis appeared in vaudeville—so realistically that I shouted involuntarily, "Hello Chub!"

Then a moving picture screen appeared in the crystal ball. On the screen a curly haired girl played the leading part. It was Georgia Baker, a Kalem star, and John Bruce was the manager of the company.

Lloyd McVey had charge of the La Salle street station in

Chicago. But, what ho! There appeared in the crystal ball the Indianapolis races, and Stanley Peterson broke all previous records.

Then a luxurious studio slowly shaped itself before me. Velva Moxell was lounging on a low divan, studying a painting which she had recently completed. Orra Zartman, who was specializing in music, was her companion.

There next appeared in the limpid depths of the crystal sphere a sign which read, "If you are interested in the line of real estate, anything in lots—just lots of lots, see Lyle Trump. He's a trump of a real estate dealer."

But at the next I exclaimed aloud, "Nature thou art divine—beautiful—a field I see, but not being well versed in fields I look twice before I see that it is Critchfield, managing editor of a paper, strolling beside merry, dancing little Brooks—Helen Brooks!" I also saw a lea worthy of mention.

And I see Mabel Thompson as a music composer of note.

But I must confess that at the next moment I had the surprise of my life, for a circus ring took form in the crystal, and you can imagine my amazement when I discovered that the dark, dazzling tight-wire walker in a gauzy red dress was Ruth Berg. And there was Ernestine Belshaw, an accomplished equestrienne poised lightly on a white pony. Next I saw Ernest Bahr, a minister dispensing words of grace from a pulpit. And there was Ralph Cable as manager of the Bell Telephone Company—a place where Cables are in demand. He was spend

ing lots of the company's time discussing events with Belva Cobb, the chief operator.

Cecil Kelsey was travelling for the Buick motor company. His special line seemed to be selling cars to men whose wives had the say so. His courteous manner appeared to touch their hearts.

Then the screen changed to Africa where I saw Violet Hayden writing a book. She was to have married—but no I shall not disclose his name, but anyhow she gave up domestic

joys for a literary career. Sad, but true, gentle reader. And I saw Rosalind Feddeler as a poetess of note, which event we had all expected in 1916.

But De Barsac groaned aloud at what appeared next. There was I, myself, eating bread and milk in a cozy little bungalow where the red red roses grow. But I arose and left the studio abruptly to ward off further vision. It did look nice, but just now I am a pampered daughter of the rich and I want it to last a while.

—Ramona Strickland, '18.

## Sophomore Class History

School was opened Monday, September 13, 1915, with about forty-five Sophomores, who were far more dignified than when they were unsophisticated Freshmen. Each Sophomore chose his or her course of study, and then school was dismissed for the day.

Several weeks later they held a class meeting and elected their officers, who were as follows:

Dorsey Kight—president.  
Ernestine Belshaw—treasurer.  
Ruby Surprise—secretary.

They also formed a literary society in each of the two section of English, and officers were elected in each section.

A Hallowe'en party was given in the old school house. The faculty were the guests of honor, all others present being members of the class. Games were played and prizes given. At a later hour refreshments were served, and the students and teachers departed for their respective homes.

On the Monday after Thanksgiving the school moved into the new building on the west side of town. Since then the Sophomore literary society has held its weekly meetings every Tuesday.

The midyear examinations were held in January, and all passed. Our one aim in life is to be Juniors at the end of the year.

—Georgia Baker.

# Freshmen





Alice Powell, Phebe Tilton, Laura Kimmet, Marion Dilly (Faculty), Edith Taylor, Mary Christie, Vera Smith, Ruth Nichols, Velma Thompson, Emmeline Morey, Clara Metcalf, Ruby Nichols, Cecil Stowell, Nina Haskell, Emarine Black, Edith Griesel, Lillian Thomas, Minnie Niche, Celia Nominson, Agnes Powell, Mabel Belshaw, Irene Tramm, Leon Winkler, Ivan Ault, Archie Hathaway, Harold Bruckman, Floyd Cable, Milford Bahr, Ernest Griesel, Alberta Peroit, Oral Anderson, Helen Eilerman, Madeline Minninger, Cecil Minninger, Fay Vandercar, Dewey Pinkerton, Urvie Hayden, Alvah Pelcher, Harold Berg, Ted Palmer.

## A Legend of the Freshman Class

Once upon a time in the month of September in the year of nineteen hundred and fifteen, there was a crowd of students starting for the Lowell School. This particular crowd numbered about forty-five. Some were fat, some were slender, some short, some tall, but they all wore a smile. When they reached the building they began to investigate and become acquainted with the halls and different rooms, and last but not least with the teachers.

Of course when they first started they showed signs of verdancy in their manners, but when they were finally seated a man whose name (they were told) was Tadlock came in and

said, "Will the Freshmen please occupy seats on the east side of the room?" They, sort of timid and bashful, tiptoed to the other side of the room and sank gratefully into the seats. Then they were given about fifty rules which were to be carried out during the year, and finally after writing down their names, ages and the studies they had chosen, they were directed to their different classes, where they were given the assignments for the following day.

After these fatal days of "breaking in" they lost their verdancy and bashfulness, and now they are a witty, intelligent, and industrious class.

—Clara Metcalf.







PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT

# Athletics



K '16

## OFFICERS

President \_\_\_\_\_ Leo Kimmert  
Manager \_\_\_\_\_ Prof. A. T. Elliott

Secretary \_\_\_\_\_ Fay Haskell  
Treasurer \_\_\_\_\_ Seth Little

The athletic association reorganized during the early part of the year. Rules were made and carried out during the year, that only eligible persons could take part in the athletics, in which the school was to be represented. As football has not had a very high standing in our school, no attempt was made to organize a team. The only form of athletics that we had before the basket ball season was soccer.

After we moved into the new school building we had a gymnasium which then became the central attraction. Altho not completely equipped, it answered the purpose very well and we can only thank our trustees, parents, and taxpayers for providing such a place for physical culture, as health is the greatest factor on the road to success.

With one veteran on the team, and a late start, we got down to hard work. After having practiced twice we entered into the first game and saw that we had the material for a good team, altho the lightest in this part of the state.

After a fairly good year of strenuous basket ball, we entered the district tournament, which was held at Gary, March the 10th and 11th. We played the district champions of the year previous, and altho outplaying them, lost the game because "old man hard luck" was against us, when it came to hitting the basket.

## Comments

Prof. A. T. Elliott, "Faculty," as manager of the team, has shown unusual ability in selecting his players, and, taking them thru games which very few managers would have attempted to play.

G. B. Clayton, "Faculty," as coach of the team, certainly put some "pep," into the players, which proved to a good advantage in the last few games of the season.

Harold Griesel, '16, age 18, weight 145. This being his first year on the team, he certainly did his part in maintaining the school's reputation in athletics.

Fay Haskell, '16, age 18, weight 120, did stellar work at his position of left guard for being the lightest player on the team.

Leo Kimmert, '16, age 17, weight 150, the only veteran on the team, having played the two previous years, and acting as captain this year, is a good, steady player and has never started a game that he has not finished. Since in high school he has taken part in fifty-one official games.

Clayton Davis, '17, age 17, weight 140, has taken part in the majority of this year's games and is a good, shifty player at center or forward.

*Top—left to right—*

Urvie Hayden            Sub-Forward

Prof. A. T. Elliott      Manager

Leo Kimmet      Right Guard, Captain

Clayton Davis      Right Forward

Cecil Minninger      Left Forward

Fred Minninger      Sub-Forward

Harold Griesel      Center

Seth Little      Sub-Guard

Fay Haskell      Left Guard



Fred Minninger, '18, age 15, weight 130, has taken part in some of this year's games and is a good shot at the basket.

Cecil Minninger, '19, age 15, weight 134, is a scrappy player and in years to come ought to make good.

Reserves: Urvie Hayden and Seth Little also deserve mention for "warming the bench."

We played ten games in the Lake County High School Basket Ball League, which is comprised of some very large schools with every kind of equipment necessary for winning teams.

#### Standings of the League

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Emerson, "Gary" .....	10	0	1.000
Froebel, "Gary" .....	8	2	.800
Crown Point .....	3	5	.375
Lowell .....	3	7	.300
Hammond .....	3	7	.300
Whiting .....	2	7	.222

#### Scores of This Year's Games

Lowell .....	21	Wheeler A. C. ....	22
--------------	----	--------------------	----

Lowell .....	8	Emerson .....	46
Lowell .....	18	Hammond .....	10
Lowell .....	8	Hammond .....	28
Lowell .....	12	Crown Point .....	10
Lowell .....	29	Rensselaer .....	21
Lowell .....	14	Whiting .....	25
Lowell .....	12	Froebel .....	29
Lowell .....	17	Rensselaer .....	24
Lowell .....	19	Emerson .....	30
Lowell .....	25	Momence, Ill. ....	15
Lowell .....	19	Froebel .....	63
Lowell .....	16	Whiting .....	11
Lowell .....	12	Crown Point .....	49
Lowell .....	36	Momence .....	5
Lowell .....	13	East Chicago .....	32

Lowell will enter men in the county track meet. Griesel, Kimmert and Childress who have taken part in the meets of previous years ought to be good for points in the meet May 13, at Gary. There are several others who may score, but lack experience.

*Left to Right—*

G. B. Clayton

Harold Griesel

Leo Kimmet

Prof. A. T. Elliott



## Inter-Class Champions—Seniors



Clark Brownell .....	Left Forward
Dewey Childress .....	Right Forward
Harold Griesel .....	Center
Leo Kimmet .....	Right Guard
Fay Haskell .....	Left Guard

The Senior Class has made an enviable record in athletic events throughout the year. In basket ball the results are as follows:

Seniors .....	43	Sophomores .....	8
Freshmen .....	20	Juniors .....	15
Seniors .....	36	Freshmen .....	8

### Results of Senior Girls' Team

Seniors .....	4	A. A. Girls .....	1
Seniors .....	5	A. A. Girls .....	0

In a dual track meet between the Freshmen and Sophomore Classes the results were, Sophomores 50; Freshmen 49. Individual point winners were C. Minninger, F., 34; H. Brownell, S., 19 1-2; R. Cable 13.

The Juniors and Seniors are at present having a dual meet and the results of the first six events are, Seniors 47; Juniors, 7. Individual point winners, L. Kimmet, S., 23; C. Brownell, S., 11; H. Griesel, S., 9.



*Top, Left to Right—*

Grace Hathaway

Kathryn Metcalf

Edith Stenerson

Nada Wood

Zelma Anderson



# Organizations

## THE LAUREAN SOCIETY

The Laurean Literary Society was organized in September, 1914, and is still flourishing. A constitution was drafted in which the rules and regulations of the Society were placed. The meetings are held during the English class period on Tuesday of each week. The programs, consisting of music, readings, debates, and current events, are given at these meetings.

The purpose of the Society is to promote public speaking, debating and an interest in current events.

—Bethel Haskell.

## LATIN CLUB

In the fall of 1913 the "Sodalitas Latina" was formed by Miss McLean, the Latin instructress. The club consisted of twenty-four Latin students, and met monthly. The officers in its initial year were, president, Garnette Foster; vice president, Cecil Minninger; secretary, Hal Weaver; treasurer, Gladys Cole; also a program and refreshment committee. The play, "Ludus" was given by the boys, in addition to several interesting and instructive programs.

The club had proved to be of such benefit to the students during the first year, that in the fall of 1914 it was reorganized and all who had formerly taken Latin were admitted as members.

In the fall of 1915 it was again reorganized but with fewer

members as only those of a year's standing who received a grade of C, and Freshmen who made a grade of A were permitted to enter.

The club does not seem to meet as regularly as in the past, but we are hoping the students will make it more successful in the future.

—Thelma Hill.

## THE ATHENAEUM

The Athenaeum Literary Society was organized by the members of the Junior English, January 19, 1915. President, vice president and secretary were elected. The vice president presided over the meetings in the absence of the president and was chairman of the program committee. The meetings were held during the class period on Tuesday of each week. The purpose of the organization was to encourage public speaking, literature, and drama. The society was reorganized by the Senior English class and was carried on successfully during the year.

—Alice Love.

## DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN

The infant organization of the Lowell High School opened its eyes on the twentieth day of November, 1915.

Somebody must of course take care of this addition to the

family, so as its governess, Fraulein Bethel Haskell was chosen with Fraulein Gladys Tilton as her assistant. It was decided that Fraulein Thelma Hill take down its prattlings and Fraulein Grace Hathaway keep its bank.

The baby's diet was in charge of Fraulein Elsie McConnell and to amuse it Herr Herbert Korth was engaged.

The infant is really too young to have won fame for itself, but a few gurgles of song in a tongue of its own have escaped its little throat.

—H. Lee, '18.

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### GLEE CLUB

This year for the first time a Girls' Glee Club was organized in Lowell High School.

We were just starting on the road to success, when our musical instructress, Miss Hazel Klooster resigned. A new teacher was not found for a few weeks, so of course the club meetings were discontinued for a time. With the advent of Mrs. Thomas we again began our meetings. Under the instructress' careful

guidance we have been successful to such an extent that we have sung several times in public: At the "Open Night," Parent-Teachers Associations and for the Declamatory Contest. The keen appreciation of the audience was shown by repeated applause.

The club is composed of girls from every class of High School, although the Senior girls have a separate club also. The regular Glee Club meets every Tuesday after school, while the Senior girls have their meetings on Thursday.

The club consists of the following girls: Zelma Anderson, Henrietta Baughman, Ernestine Belshaw, Bertha Bess, Merna Bess, Lucile Brownell, Gladys Cleaver, Grace Hathaway, Ruby Hayhurst, Laura Kimmet, Emeline Morey, Velva Moxell, Floy Newkirk, Agnes Powell, Ramona Strickland, Phebe Tilton, Della Wagin, and Nada Wood.

The establishment of a Girls' Glee Club in High School has added greatly to the interest taken in and the value derived from the music course.

—Henrietta Baughman.

# ORATORY



## The Oratorical

Harken, ye people of Lowell,  
The Grades and the High School included—  
Throw back the curtain which hides it,

And again reveal the great contest.  
The Oratorical Contest, which caused suspense and excitement,  
Harken, ye people of Lowell,  
And list to my tale of that contest,  
A tale in behalf of the victors and victims; a marvelous story  
As shall bring forth few names,  
That no one shall be embarrassed,  
Embarrassed by shades of the past,  
But look forward to contests to be.  
Ye who attended the contest—  
Who hoped and endured and were patient,  
Cheered victors and victims alike—along with the other contest-  
ants,  
Pause not, but read and read on—Read till my story is ended.

Nine boys and eight maidens entered that race,  
For from both boys and girls one each would be victor;  
For weeks, for days they trained for that contest—  
Miss Bryant, the English instructress was trainer;  
The numbers were many—two nights must be taken;  
The fifteenth and seventeenth of April were chosen,  
With Orations and Chorus the first night passed off,  
Suspense and excitement made stillness oppressive.  
The contest is over, each striving his best—  
The judges depart, their decision to make.  
Here comes Mr. Elliott, the winners to name,  
To hand out the medals and end the suspense.  
The winner of second, "Ivon Ault," is read first,  
Then he pauses—a pause tense with silence and listening,

Then he looks at the paper and reads the decision,  
And Wheeler, a Junior, has carried off first.

Now for the girls—and the race is a close one,  
Excitement as keen as it was on the first night;  
Yells and shouts make the welkin resound,  
But at length up the aisle undulates Mr. Elliott.  
He holds up the paper and reads loud and clear,  
"The judges have given Miss Lee second place,"  
He pauses—excitement and silence grows tense,  
"While the first is awarded to Miss Vera Smith."  
The first trials are over but Gary must come,  
And so for the winners the training goes on,  
Lowell High School with seven will have to compete,  
And as to the winners—no one can foretell.

#### List of Contestants ORATORY

Elmer Childress ..... "The Call of Duty"

Trueman Klein ..... "Clay on His Own Compromise"  
Glenn Surprise ..... "Men of Destiny"  
Harold Brownell ..... "The Cross of Gold"  
Ivon Ault ..... "The Spirit of Lincoln"  
Virgil Scritchfield ..... "The German American"  
Harry Wheeler ..... "Touissant L'Ouverture"  
Kenneth Landis ..... "War and Public Opinion"  
Harold Berg ..... "A Public Conscience"

#### DECLAMATION

..  
Helen Lee ..... "Iras and Ben Hur"  
Mabel Feeley ..... "The End of the Task"  
Hermena Kimmet ..... "The Swan Song"  
Ruth Berg ..... "Sella"  
Vera Smith ..... "The Littlest Rebel"  
Ernestine Belshaw ..... "The Lost Word"  
Rosa Buckley ..... "Anne of Green Gables"  
Ruth Sanders ..... "The Lady Across the Aisle"





DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

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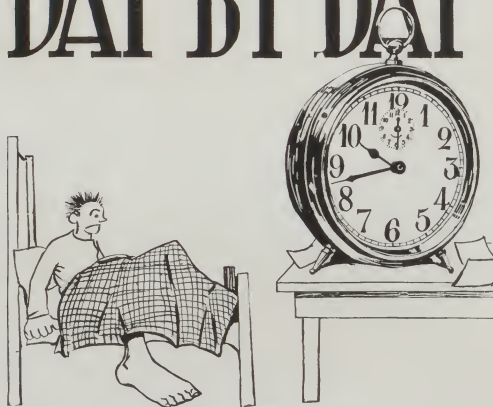
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MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

# DAY BY DAY



Sept. 13—Surely is a hoodoo—school opens in the old building.

Sept. 15—Miss McLean—"What was the name of the wife of Nero?"

Milton—"Mrs. Nero."

Sept. 17—We are going to move to the new H. S. building. Hurrah ! ! ! ! !

Sept. 20 Still in the old building. 'Nother new teacher. More trouble.

Sept. 21—Final struggle before Thanksgiving.

Sept. 23—Faculty have their picture taken and look pleasant for once. We hope they will wear those smiles all the rest of the year.

Sept. 24—Going to move Monday. Hurrah ! ! ! ! !

Sept. 27—We didn't.

Oct. 1—Going to move Monday (we guess.)

Oct. 2—Seniors embark in 2-horse power bus for the C. P. fair. Lola says, "Never again."

Oct. 5—Ruth—"We have two Nichols in our class haven't we?"

Mildred—"Yes."

Ruth—"Well, that makes a dime doesn't it?"

Fern—"Yes, but we have three."

Mildred—"Then we ought never to lack small change."

Oct. 8—Oh how we love the old building! We can't bear to leave it!

Oct. 11—The old routine established. The Freshies begin to wear a resigned air.

Oct. 18—Ed leaves us. Ernestine weeps copiously. The Seniors in general don mourning.

Oct. 28—The Sophomores have a blowout. This was the debut of Irene Avis Laury Ann.

Oct. 29—Senior party. Ghosts, goblins and witches. This accounts for the fact that Leo is mistaken for Miss Pike. After the cats there was a grand rush for the 10:30. No, the engine wasn't at all frightened. Agnes and Ethel got lost in our loop district.

Nov. 3—Pipes are becoming popular among the Junior boys. Clayton tries to say Romana in Latin class but only ejaculates "Ramona."

Nov. 4—We are going to move Monday.

Nov. 7—We are beginning to dislike this building.

Nov. 16—"A voice sweet and low is an excellent thing in woman, Velva."

Nov. 20—Freshman party. They revert to the Stone Age, for regardless of forks and spoons they eat with their fingers.

Nov. 23—Dr. Iddings addresses us on the "Battle of Missionary Ridge." Tries to fib about our moving but Mr. Elliott lets us go. We take up our books and walk. The grade school rejoices. So do we.

Nov. 24—Junior party. 'Nuff said.

Nov. 28—Here we are! A seat for everyone and everyone in his seat. A new system of deportment is officially adopted. Misery! Even Harold Brownell gets good.

Dec. 2—Miss Eves—"What was the Monitor called?"

Dewey—"A cheese box." Miss Eves—"What kind of cheese box?" George—"Limburger."

Dec. 8—Billy Weaver assumes the toga virilis.

Dec. 9—Mr. Elliott tumbles on the ice. Bill says he wished it had been in the assembly so that everyone could have seen it.

Dec. 12—Alice must have heard him, for she obliges him. These new desks are rather slippery, aren't they Lovey?

Dec. 15—The names of Garnett Foster and Lucile Dorris appear on the deportment list.

Dec. 18—Latin Club has pas-partout party. Vernard is the guest of honor. Everyone is all stuck up.

Dec. 21—George uses shot for confetti.

Dec. 23—Merna, (in History IV)—"A name signing machine has been invented for the assistant treasurer of the United States. It signs his name ten times at once."

Miss Eves—"We'll have to get one of those to sign passes.

Jan. 3—Vacation over. Back to prison. Miss Bryant sets a new style for the wearing of engagement rings.

Jan. 5—Miss Eves (in History III)—"What was the name of the plain where the battle between Wolfe and Montcalm was fought?"

Irene Buckley—"Bunker Hill."

Such brilliant Seniors!

Jan. 6—George buys a band ring for five cents.

Jan. 13—Big Ben gets uneasy; some new names appear on the deportment list; the gong refuses to ring; the hand bell disappears and last but not least, Dewey freezes his ears.

Jan. 17—Mr. Tadlock announces that this month is six weeks long.

Jan. 19—Miss Eves informs us that she has had no experience with the Justice of the Peace.

Jan. 25—Milton sees his match for once—'twas an awful flame.

Jan. 27—George experiments on a fly in Physics Lab. First he etherizes it, then electrocutes it, and at last cremates it. Poor lil' fly.

Feb. 11—Elsie and Violet originate the "Votes for Tadlock." It spreads like measles. Our politician gives his farewell address.

Feb. 12—Mr. Elliott consents to prevaricate anent a fictitious basket-ball game. Mr. Tadlock bites. He even gives another speech.

Feb. 13—Unlucky day. Mr. Tadlock leaves us. We again don mourning.

Feb. 14—Valentine's day! Look what the good saint brought us! Mr. Clayton !!!

March 17—The wearin' o' the green. Tissue-paper bows much in evidence. Surely there is no Dutch ancestry around here. Chub doesn't have to doll up for this. He merely looks natural. The Sophomore party is a feature of the day.

March 20—Meeting of Parents-Teachers Club. A debate on the Honor System. Chub puts up an awful bluff.

March 21—We give up rather than give our play.

March 29—We practice the honor system during music period. A jubilee ensues, a feature of which is a shooting match. Sunbeam and Glenn are some marksmen.

April 5—Gilbert writes a letter.

April 6—Gee but the faculty are a generous bunch! They give us twenty minutes' vacation.

April 7—A holiday.

April 12—Uncle Ancil takes a drink. The Comm. Arith. class look on and admire.

April 13—George enjoys a pleasant little siesta in the assembly, and Leo tells us that they manufacture oleomargarine at the Reduction Plant.

April 14—George sleeps again and Adam stumbles upstairs. Boys' Preliminary.

April 17—Girls' Preliminary.

April 21—Mr. Clayton regales us with an account of how he froze his ears. Junior Fair—Verne thinks this is given in honor of his eighteenth anniversary.

April 24—We are still manoeuvring with the "Manoeuvres of Jane."

April 28—We go to Gary.

May ?—Our play comes off.

May 20—We get our feed from the Juniors.

Most any date. We have official notice of another feed from the faculty.

May 26—Commencement and finishment.

U. Wood.



# Course of Study

## FIRST YEAR

English, Algebra, Latin or German, Agricultural Botany, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Music, Drawing.

## SECOND YEAR

English, Algebra, Plane Geometry, Latin or German, Ancient History, Soils and Farm Crops, Manual Training, Music, Domestic Science, Drawing.

## THIRD YEAR

English, Med. and Mod. History, Domestic Science, Latin or German, Plane and Solid Geometry, Animal Husbandry, Music, Drawing, Manual Training.

## FOURTH YEAR

English, American History and Civics, Commercial Arith-

metic, Latin or German, Physics, Animal Husbandry, Music, Drawing, Physical Geography, Physiology.

## STUDIES PRESCRIBED FOR GRADUATION

English, 6 semesters; Algebra, 3 semesters; Plane Geometry, 2 semesters; Latin or German, 4 semesters; American History and Civics, 2 semesters; Science (any year), 4 semesters; Commercial Arithmetic, 1 semester; Elective Subjects, 10 semesters; Music or Drawing, 2 semesters.

Thirty-two credits or sixteen units are required of each pupil for graduation from the above course. A credit represents the work based upon ninety recitations of forty minutes each. A unit represents the work based upon one hundred-eighty recitations of forty minutes each. A forty minute recitation period is equivalent to eighty minutes of laboratory work.

## Synopsis of the Play Presented by the Senior Class

"The Manoeuvres of Jane" is a four act comedy to exemplify the lines of Byron's, "There is a tide in the affairs of women, which, taken at the flood leads—God knows where."

Act I opens in a bright, pleasant room in an old English mansion during an afternoon in October. Jervis is discovered talking to his sister, Mrs. Beechinor about the arrival of Jane Naugle, and her friend, Constantia Gage. Jane is a harum-scarum who has completely demoralized the boarding school from which she has just been expelled in company with Miss Gage, who aided and abetted her capricious flirtations. Jane is rich. Being rich, she appeals to Jervis as being a proper ward for his sister, who formerly kept a girl's boarding school and who is now in need of financial aid. Also, because Jane is rich, she appeals to Jervis as being a proper match for his nephew, Lord Bapchild, an eccentric, scholarly young man, who seems unable, on account of diffidence, or indifference, to attend to his own love affairs. The audience immediately feels that if Jane is all she is painted, such a match would never do.

While Mrs. Beechinor and her brother are discussing the situation Lady Bapchild is introduced. Jervis makes her promise to aid in the match he has planned. Lord Bapchild enters next, and explains that he has just dismissed his steward who failed in Lord Bapchild's ideal by kissing the daughter of a tenant. He

brings in George Langton as the man he is considering for his next steward). George's frank and engaging manner seems too good to belong to an ordinary steward.) Lord Bapchild explains what his exacting requirements for a good steward are. Langton modestly tries to indicate that he will do his best and becomes quite confused when he hears the reason for the dismissal of the former steward.

Next Pamela Beechinor, a fourteen-year-old tattle tale enters and describes the arrival of the impudent Jane with her father and Constantia Gage. When the party arrives Jane lives up to her reputation. She manages to express her dislike of everything and everybody, and refuses to be put under Mrs. Beechinor's care. The older people leave her to herself. Then George Langton slips in and reveals himself as her lover from whom she thought she was separated. They plan to appear to submit to her father and Mrs. Beechinor, and to pretend to encourage Lord Bapchild. They discover that Pamela has overheard a great deal, and they threaten her into silence. The rest of the play is a comical entanglement of cross-purposes, which results in an unintentional elopement on the part of Lord Bapchild which brings about his marriage to Constantia, and an intentional elopement on the part of Jane which Pamela breaks up. However, all ends happily, when Jervis, who had planned so much, comes to realize that Jane's judgment isn't so bad after all.

## The Lament of the Pasha

With chattering teeth and with faltering steps,  
A pallid, perspiring throng  
Advances in turn to the library door—  
Each prays the probation will not be long.

A pasha most ponderous sits high enthroned,  
Reigning within the dread room,  
And even the knees of the brave Seniors quake,  
As each stands awaiting his doom.

Frequently signing his august name  
The pasha his sentences passed,  
'Most frozen with terror the fear-stricken throng  
Slowly files out at last.

Alone in his splendor the pasha most proud  
Gloomily discards his mein so high,  
He wipes from his forehead the cold beads of sweat,  
And heaves a most heart rending sigh.

"Alack and alas," the proud pasha moans,  
"For the days of the trusty birch rod,  
I've a cramp most distressing in my good right arm,  
And a rheumatic crick in my nod.

"Oh for a genius to concoct a plan  
To invent a machine to grant passes!"  
Thus sighs the pasha who erstwhile struck awe  
To the hearts of the brave lads and lasses.

—Lola Mallatt.

## Soliloquy

To be—or not to be exempt, that is the question  
Whether it is better to be bad, to take a chance  
Of the freedom from exam, by being thus,  
Or to be good in the class of Juniors  
And by being good end there. To fear to worry  
No more—and by this to say we had  
The "cramming" and thousand other things  
Which exams produce—'tis a thing  
To be wished by none—To cheat

To flunk, to copy—Ah there's the rub;  
For by cheating may we not be caught,  
Then we have worked for naught  
Oh what a curse! Then shall we be good?  
Say not; to lose the name of action  
To be called good—oh what a shame  
Therefore go thy carefree way  
Until—examinations.

—Henrietta Baughman.



## The Storm

We guide our ships over the waters deep  
And the land disappears from view;  
About on every side the sky; the sea on every side.  
A dark and gloomy thunder cloud o'er hovers me;  
It brings the wintry night and shivering waves  
Then suddenly the wind blows over the sea  
It piles on high the mighty surging floods.  
We're driven scattered o'er the seething deep;  
The clouds enshroud the day and night the sun  
And lightning flashes from the severed clouds.  
Impelled by fate we traverse unknown waves.

### Prologue

I sing to you of arms and manly worth  
Of him who came from Troy's far distant shores,  
To Italy a castaway by fate;  
Much tossed was he on both the land and sea  
By vengeful pow'r and wrath of heaven's queen.  
He suffered much likewise in war until  
The time when he should build a city great  
And bring forth into Latium Trojan gods,  
Whence comes the Latin race and Alban sires  
And walls of lofty Rome.

Vergil's "Aeneid" Liber I ll 1-7.

—Bertha Bess.

Our pilot cannot tell the day from night;  
Forgets now Palinurus his sea craft.  
For three days in black sightless gloom,  
Three nights, we wander on without a star.  
On the fourth day at last the land appears.  
A mountain near by sends up wreaths of smoke.  
Our swelling sails decrease: to oars we bend.  
The sailors lash to foam the azure deep.  
The Strophades receive me on their shores.

Vergil's "Aeneid," Liber III ll 192-210.

—Agnes Nelson.

### The Exemption System

The schools of today need the exemption system—anything to encourage the students to do their best. When our fathers went to school they went with a purpose, well knowing that their school days were limited.

In this twentieth century it is different. A student must spend at least fourteen years in school if he expects to succeed in the professional world. As his school days drag on he acquires the habit of letting his grades drift anywhere, contented to keep them just above the failing point. Every student seems to dislike the semi-term or monthly examination. If the exemption system is used students will strive to keep their monthly grades up to the exemption marks in both their subjects and in their deportment.

—Glenn Surprise.

# Editorial on School Spirit

Delivered at a Meeting of "Parents-Teachers Association.

In discussing school spirit the question, just what does school spirit mean," arises.

True school spirit means boosting, nothing more nor less than boosting, but the manner in which the boosting is done determines its value. For instance when you go to a basket ball game, do you show true school spirit by hurling taunts and ribald jests at the members of the visiting team? Certainly you do not.

Or if the home team should be defeated, is your school spirit of the best if you say "Well, I am absolutely convinced that it wasn't a fair game. Nothing fair about it! That referee don't know how to play marbles!" Certainly it is not.

If you wish to manifest the best kind of school spirit at a basket ball game, get together—give the visiting team a good-natured "rah-rah" or two, and then cheer, cheer with all your might for the home team! Don't make your yell leader get down on his knees and exhort you with tears in his eyes to

come and yell. Don't wait for him to round up the bunch—get together without waiting to be told. And if he shows a lack of enthusiasm, treat him to a liberal feed of cayenne pepper.

But a basket ball game is not the only place at which school spirit should be heartily manifested. It should be shown every day in the assembly room and halls. Good deportment, deference to the teachers and good grades are the best possible manifestations of school spirit.

However, the school is made up of individuals and each individual must do his own particular part of the boosting. That old saw "Knock and the world knocks with you," etc., was evolved for a certain class of people only—the kind that don't exist in our high school.

So let's boost the Lowell High School. Let's cheer right vigorously at the games, and work right diligently in the assembly, for we'll only be the better men and women for it some day.



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# Jokes

## Does Warmth Expand?

They went into a movie show,  
In time to see the start,  
And, prim, precise, and proper quite,  
They sat this far apart.

But Oh! The hero wooed the maid,  
Twice Oh! He stole a kiss,  
And when the lights went on again,  
They sat up close like this.

---

## Junior Wit in Modern History.

Miss Eves—"What is the difference between a 1916 Ford and a 1915 Ford?"

Max (humorously)—"No difference, unless the 1916 is worse than the 1915."

Doc (enthusiastically)—"Naw, they're just the same—same design, same everything, even the same engine in 'em all."

Milton (sarcastically)—"No, there's a different engine in every Ford."

---

## Senior Wit.

Miss Eves—"Why do the labor union men go on a strike?"  
Clark—"Because they want shorter hours."

## School Education.

Teacher—"What are the properties of heat?"

Student—"The chief property of heat is that it causes things to expand."

Teacher—"Excellent; give an example."

Student—"In summer, when it is hot, the day is long. In winter when it is cold, the day is short."

---

## Two Kinds.

Mr. Clayton—"If a street car should run off the rail, there would be lots of sparking on the street pavement—I mean electric sparking."

---

## A Knockout.

When Miss Eves asked Nada to explain how a boy looked when he came home from a military academy.

---

## Heard in Commercial Arithmetic.

Miss Pike—"Four from ten is nine, times two is twenty."

---

A good health hint, Verne, never try to derail a locomotive with your little finger.

---

Black hair and brown eyes seem to be popular at present, although Milton says only people with blue eyes become famous.

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NAME	MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE REMARK
?	?	Disclosing isolated facts	"It's simply this"
SUNBEAM	General Contour	Scattering sunshine	"Hello Beth"
TRUEMAN	His red (?) pompadour	Breaking hearts	"I'm going to marry that girl"
HEN	Artistic coloring	Translating Latin	"Go 'way, girls. I've got a date"
ALICE	New clothes	Going to Chicago	"Don't my hair look perfectly horrid?"
GLEN	His coiffure	Writing poetry	"There's my name on the department list again"
GRETCHEN	Her crowning glory	Speeding	"Hooshaw!"
CHUB	His plaid shirt	Making dates	"I don't know"

#### Remarkable Remarks.

1. Miss McLean—"What time does the ten o'clock train go?"

2. Miss Eves—"Ethel, discuss rural free delivery in cities."

3. Mr. Clayton—"Yes, as I've often said, Bryan, Roosevelt, myself, and other great men might be mistaken occasionally."

Miss Eves—"What kind of money is it to which the term 'legal tender' does not apply?"

Floy—"Counterfeit."

Miss Eves—"Some got A's this month who didn't last month, and vice versa."

Leo—"I believe I got vice versa."

Mr. Clayton—"If we don't get our laboratory work completed, it won't be complete!"

Mr. Clayton—"I suppose if I waited for everyone to quit talking before I dismiss we would be here all night. So pardon me for interrupting your conversation."

#### A Knockout.

"Yes, dad," said the educated school boy, "That's a very nice story about the early bird and the worm, but it seems to me that the worm didn't get much by rising early."

"I was informed," said the father, "That the worm had not been to bed at all, but was just returning from the night before."

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### **This Is Leap Year.**

Mr. Tadlock (discussing a problem in physics class)—"According to your solution, Lola, this man could do more work than a horse?"

Lola (in a stage whisper)—"Gee, I'd like to meet him."

### **Cleanliness First.**

Mr. Clayton—"What is the purpose of the brushes in the Multipolar Alternator?"

Clark—"To rub the commutator."

### **Heard in History.**

Herbert—"They had some kind of a dinner—the Diet of Worms, I think."

Question on English exam.—"How may we acquire a larger vocabulary?"

Answer of a Freshman—"By reading and when we find a word we don't know, just insult the dictionary."

Mr. Clayton—"What is the purpose of the knot in a bandage to stop bleedin'?"

Milton—"To keep the ends of the bandage together."

Zelma (in a plaintive tone)—"Oh dear, I think Macbeth is perfectly horrid! Why really, when I got through reading it, everyone was dead!"

Mildred (in sewing class)—"Oh I made a wrong mistake."

### **Sad But True.**

Mr. Elliott to Trueman—"Don't you know you won't amount to much if you don't come to school more?"

Trueman—"Oh I don't come to school to amount to much."

### **Why Two?**

Mr. Clayton (explaining the principle of the trolley)—"The street car acts as a conductor."

Nada—"But they have a man for conductor."

### **A Boner.**

Rosalie—"and they crowed like hens."

Miss McLean (talking of telephones)—"Milton can't you send your voice a long distance?"

Milton—"Not unless I'm on the end of it."

Mr. Clayton (in physics class)—"What effect does heating have on a magnet?"

Grace—"It makes it hot."

Miss Pike (gazing over an expanse of flooded fields)—"Why what is this, just water?"

Teacher—"What is the meaning of the word defeat?"

Student—"To cut off the feet."

The cry of the Latin student.—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"



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OF LOWELL

# Sherlock Hotfoot, the Hairy-Faced One—Or the Mystery of the Pies

## A PIELESS SCENARIO PIEOGRAPH

### First Spasm.

The shades of night had dropped with a thud upon the terra-firma. The electric signs were flashing their messages to the throngs assembled on Commercial Avenue. Sherlock Hotfoot, alias Verne Loyd, the Hairy-Faced One sat in his office of hardwood floors and mahogany woodwork (located in furnace room of Lowell High School,) calmly smoking Six Blue Line Cigars.

### Second Spasm.

Sherlock had just taken his daily "shot in the wrist" and was thinking deeply. That very day some dastardly robber had entered the High School and stolen twenty-three fresh huckleberry pies from the domestic science room. It was feared by the faculty that someone would be poisoned by them. It was the first robbery in Indiana for eighty-five years and no wonder he was thinking.

### Third Spasm.

Hotfoot was twiddling with a pair of handcuffs. He had nearly solved the mystery when—Bang! Some doggone prune smashed down the mahogany door and stepped in the office.

### Fourth Spasm.

Sherlock clutched the iron cuffs and turned around in his swivel chair to see who had come in so "quietly." Worm-Faced

Ike, alias Max Ragon, the Pie-Fiend stood before the great detective. A faint blue line encircled his mammoth cavernous mouth and told the tail of the stolen pies. The great mystery was solved.

### Fifth Spasm.

"Ah! ha! You gum-shoe fake! You false alarm! I've got yuh in mah clitch now! You shall bite the dust," cried the pie-fiend. Worm-Faced Ike now covered the detective with a howitzer which he had concealed in his hip pocket. Did Sherlock quail? He didn't even duck. Our hero was no coward. Did he get down and pardon himself for existing? Not on your life! He was noted for his bravery. On one occasion he found out for the faculty that Ruth Berg's high grades were obtained from daily consultation with a corps of the High School's most shining lights, namely, Floyd Vinnege, Chester Sanders and Allen Black. And once a hero, always a hero is his motto.

### Sixth Spasm.

So unbuttoning his mushroom shirt, he raised himself to seven feet six, and cried, "Shoot if you must this old gray head but spare my mushroom shirt," he said. "But what's the use you cannot kill me!"

### Seventh Spasm.

"Cannot pink yuh hey!" hissed the Pie-Fiend. "And why not?"

"Because I'm the hero of this little skit and moving picture heroes never die."

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### Eighth Spasm.

As the Pie-Fiend realized this was true, with the wail of a disappointed office seeker, he turned and fled into the dark, dismal, dreary night.

Fifteen minutes later Worm-Faced Ike was seen in Sang-er's restaurant eating hamburgers.

END.

Passed by the Inmates of Logansport Asylum.

---

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WANTED—An electric torch for singeing hair. Grace Hathaway.

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WANTED—A scrub-woman for the house of representatives. Loyd McVey.

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WANTED—A burnisher for the culinary department of Domestic Science. Rosa Buckley.

WANTED—A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes in a restaurant. Berg and Sanders.

WANTED—A man to clean bies out of carburetors. Easy job when you're not working. S. Peterson.

WANTED—A man with one tooth to work in a restaurant biting holes in doughnuts. Mr. and Mrs. Kight.

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## My Blues

I had a dreadful fit of blues,  
One dark and gloomy day,  
I went about a-heaving sighs  
That nearly took my breath away.

And so I donned my hat and coat,  
And thought I'd take a walk  
To work away my blues perchance  
Where I wouldn't even have to talk.

When all at once a jolly wind,  
Caught up my coat, as he skipped by  
He whirled me round, and flapped my skirts  
And merrily quirked my hat awry.

As I sat down to catch my breath  
I thought 'twas mighty queer,  
But I had quite forgot my blues,  
As well as my headgear.

My hair streamed out in stringy wisps,  
I gasped and sputtered with dismay:  
I seized my coat—forgot my hat,  
Until I felt it snatched away.

I started grimly in pursuit,  
"I'll get you yet!" I'd vainly preach,  
That madcap wind but capered round,  
And flipped my hat just out of reach.

I ran and ran, and when at last—  
My recreant hat I caught,  
I'll tell you I was breathless quite,  
And so a seat I sought.

—Lola Mallatt.

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Come and Kiss You're Little Baby—Bethel.  
Along Came Ruth—Ruth B.  
Hands Off—Ettie.  
I Wanted to Linger—Mr. Tadlock.  
If Love Be Madness Then I'm Insane—Dilwyn.  
This is the Life—Elsie.  
She Used to be the Slowest Girl in Town—Violet H.  
Everyone in Town Loves My Girl—Charles.  
Don't Hesitate—George & Violet.  
In the Candle Light—Dorsey & Imogene.  
And the Green Grass Grew All Around—"Doc."  
And the Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along—Nada.  
He'd Have to Get Out and Get Under—Stuppy.  
On the 5:15—Lola, Adam, Herbert, Dorsey, Milton.  
On the Good Ship Laura Ann—Miss Pike.  
Give Me a Small Town Sweetheart—Elmer.

Music Vot's Music Must Come From Berlin—Leo.  
Let Joyous Peace Reign Everywhere—Miss Eyes.  
Sitting By the Kitchen Door—Miss Dilley.  
I Need the Morning Air—Dewey.  
Hearts—Avis Bryant.  
There's Music in the Air—Miss Klooster.  
Nellie Was a Lady—Nellie Brooks.  
The Two Roses—Feddler & Buckley.

## WE WONDER.

If Della couldn't walk would Harry Wheeler?  
If Nada Wood flirt?  
Is Glen a Surprise?  
Would Alice Love?  
Would Charles Tanner if he got angry?  
Would Laura Ann Pike down to Francesville?  
Would Vessie Mahler?  
Is George Stuppy?  
What would happen if Eyes were Dewey?  
Where Lillian found her doll?  
Why is Miss Bryant so fond of brown?

## Finis

This is the straw that broke the camel's back. It's easy enough to compose a foreword, but when the last bit of iron has been added to the scrap heap of the annals of 1916, there isn't much left to say. However, I might say that I wish to take this opportunity to personally thank the faculty and the staff for their hearty cooperation, and to ask the faculty to always remember us kindly as a class.



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